This was your husband, look you now what followes,
Heere is your husband like a mil-dewed eare,
Blasting his wholsome brother: haue you eies?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed
And batton on this *Moore*; ha, haue you eies?
You cannot call it loue, for at your age
The heyday in the bloud is tame, it's humble,
And waits vpon the iudgement, and what iudgement
Would step from this to this? sence sure you haue
Else could you not haue motion, but sure that sence
Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre
Nor sence to extasie was neere so thral'd
But it reserv'd some quantitie of choice
To serue in such a difference. What Deuill wast
That thus hath cosond you at hodman-blind?
Eies without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eies, smelling sance all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sence
Could not so mope. Oh shame! where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell.
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actiuely doth burne,
And reason pardons will.
Ger. O *Hamlet* speake no more,
Thou turn'st my very eies into my soule,
And there I see such black and grieued spots
As will leaue there their tinct.
Ham. Nay but to liue
In the ranke sweat of an incestuous bed
Stewed in corruption, honying and making loue
Ouer the nastie stie.
Ger. O speake to me no more,
These words like Daggers enter in my eares
No more sweet *Hamlet*.
Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,
A slaue that is not twentith part the kyth.

5 Moore (Roman) 10 Els 12 nere 13 choise
15 cosund 32 an inseemed bed